

Latin School Register



VOL. XLVII

MAY, 1928

NO. 8

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The Register

VOL. XLVII

No. 8

May Number



1928

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL

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BOSTON, MASS.

Entered as Second-class matter, Boston Post Office

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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

Village Graveyard

A Sketch
W. J. Callaghan

The moon was very bright. It made the whole countryside seem as bright as day.

Yet it was a queer, chancy sort of brightness that cast weird and flickering shadows. The outlines of the trees on that uncannily bright road seemed like gnarled and twisted hands.

The place was unnaturally still. There were none of the occasional small noises that fill every summer night.

In the midst of this bright stillness, the little burial-ground seemed inexpressibly gloomy and strange.

Thru the sagging iron fence one could see rows of tilted markers and ancient crosses.

To the man who was coming up that bright road his own footsteps sounded very loud. He felt an odd uneasiness at breaking the tense silence that seemed to fill the place. Even the emptiness of the long white road seemed, somehow, threatening.

He was quite breathless in the heavy, still air that carried the sweet, oppressive odor of thick grass.

For all his desire to leave that very gloomy spot, it held a certain fascination for him.

He stopped before the old and rusted gate and peered in. Thru the heavy grillwork he saw a row of low mounds and an occasional glistening stone. To his right an open grave was a black

spot in all the light. All was so very still and lonely.

He wondered when he himself would lie there in darkness when all above him was light. He looked at his hand, clutching the grillwork near him. It was not credible that it would, in time, be bare, and quite dead bones.

An odd, breathless, somewhat sickish feeling filled him at the thought. He could not remember when he had not felt fear of death. Ever since he was a boy, the grim certainty and finality of it had horrified him.

He was religious. Perhaps, he sometimes thought, this very fear of his had made him so. He refused to allow himself to consider these quiet graves as final.

It seemed hard, though, in this night to believe the comforting old things. Death in this place was somehow very real and final. For a moment in his mind he saw grim rows of skeletons so very quiet and so very far from life.

But he was practical, also and such a fancy could not hold him long. He was getting very morbid, he told himself.

With a last uneasy glance at those silent mounds, he passed swiftly along the road. He disappeared around a bend and was gone, leaving behind him that very still, very bright, and somehow rather terrifying place.

The Old Way

By H. L. Hinckley

The ancient city of Philadelphia used to be the proudest metropolis in the world. It was the capital of its most glorious State, the governmental seat of its most glorious ruler. The kings of the earth sent cautious, wondering embassies to its gates.

These great states were but a few years united when the most awful result of their example took place, and the greatest kingdom of modern history up to that time fell to the mercies of its ferocious populace. Louis Capet, as he was now disdainfully called, with an eye to the sorry state of his thousand-year patrimony, cast about for aid. There was that new land across the ocean, its men a terror even to Moorish pirates, its chair of state occupied by the world's greatest general. There was that Franklin, the idol of the French Court in the old days. Would not the nation Bourbon had helped to create hasten to the aid of its generous benefactor? Let Versailles come to Paris, let Jacobins and Girondists howl; he would sound that young colossus.

The Comte whom he sent out was but one of the many royalist envoys in those days, one of those men in whom Louis placed the remnants of his faith. With the greatest secrecy the nobleman sped over the western ocean to the land already alive with the hum of commerce.

The Comte disembarked in the lower Chesapeake. He took his two servants and some trunks, hired a coach, and began a quiet journey over the route where the rash Genet was soon to go amid wild acclaim. The wagon lumbered on through villages and over dusty roads into the city. It was a more modern and better equipped city than Paris or London. Its greatness was the pride of the Nation and a living monument to Franklin. The Comte knew Franklin. He counted much on him.

From his quarters at a fashionable boarding-house he continued to the State House. He lost no time in coming before his Excellency, Mr. Thomas Jefferson. The Secretary of State received him with a bow and an interested curiosity. After exchanges of compliments, the Comte announced his mission as a diplomatic errand from his master, the King of France, for the purpose of effecting a beneficial association between this country and his own. Mr. Jefferson raised his eyebrows and stroked his freckled cheek. The Comte next explained the nature of the proposed alliance and the benefits to the United States from such a measure of protection to the Kingdom. Mr. Jefferson thoughtfully rubbed a small spot on his waistcoat. The Comte was given to consider that the Secretary favored the revolutionists. In any event, the Comte hoped that his Excellency the President would hear of the project and be pleased to give his own opinion.

The sun was setting when the Comte left the State House. Lackeyed carriages or swift teams were hurrying home from the afternoon drive or the day's work. A congressman rode past attended by a negro slave.

"This is truly a government of the rich, the well-born, and the able," said the man from the Land of the Reign of Terror. And he got into his coach and rode off to see Mr. Franklin.

Many of the carriages were seen, some time later, before the house which was serving for the executive mansion. A long line of dignitaries was formed at the lighted entrance. The doorway was crowded. The conversation was a babel of dialects. The smooth drawl of the proud gentlewoman from smiling Georgia was answered by the nasal humor of a brilliant New England financier. The farmer of New York and the Indian-fighter of Ken-

tucky looked humbly at the elegant and luxurious gallants from Charleston and Baltimore. Lace and fine cloth, silver buckles and silk hose, were paled by the gleam of powdered wigs.

Within, a group of gentlemen were conversing with the nobleman of France.

"Your Excellency may be assured of the deepest grief and regret on the parts of myself and my countrymen at the decease of so great a man. He was a fine and true friend to France," said the Comte.

Mr. Jefferson raised his eyebrows again. Mr. Hamilton, looking around, did likewise. Mr. Adams and Mr. Washington shook their heads sadly.

"Mr. Franklin's death is an enormous blow to us as well as a bereavement to all the world," sighed Mr. Washington.

"I had hoped we might enjoy the benefit of his presence in the deliberations incident to our expected treaty," observed the Comte, looking at Mr. Adams.

"It is unfortunate, indeed," answered the latter quickly, "But it can make little difference in the outcome."

"I am honored in agreeing with you. It is certain that France and America with so many common feelings of sympathy, can hardly remain long without the form of mutual protection."

"I am sure that our sympathy for the *people* of France is unbounded, as becomes a free people with true feelings," spoke Washington.

The Comte scowled slightly.

"We wish for every Nation a degree of peace and liberty such as we ourselves have, and such as even England is coming now to have," said Mr. Adams austerely, arranging the lace of his waist.

The Comte coughed.

"In a word," added Mr. Jefferson slowly, "Everything consistent with the happiness of the French we regard highly, and everything at variance with their taste is distasteful to ourselves."

The Comte stared. "Indeed; yet the

people are now, from causes out of all control, engaged in a most unseemly revolt against the wise policy of their own government."

Washington replied: "It is a misfortune at present; but there seems to be no help for it."

The answer was given. This marvelous trio, the limelight of the world, were always thus. The rays from the serene President were made more piercing, less agreeable, by the medium of the acid Adams, or twisted into narrower channels by the visionary Jefferson.

The groups broke up as the house became filled. The stately crowd gathered in rustling rows in the hall. Graceful, dignified conversation passed from rank to rank.

The doors swung open. Silence! "The President of the United States!" August Washington, pompous Adams, lofty Jefferson, brilliant Hamilton strode out. Noise rose again. The group of rulers separated and mingled with the guests. Lady Washington billowed forward in puffs of foamy skirts—the first and last titled "Lady." The grand tones of a Bach hymn sounded from a small low piano in honor of the dead Franklin—Prayer was heard.

A moment later lines of brave gentlemen were formed opposite lines of fair ladies and a bobbing rhythm began an old English dance. The tall doors through which the President had come were closed. The lord of France did not appear. Having left letters of farewell to their American Excellencies, he was riding to his inn. In a short time he was riding out of the town, past wind-swept meadows in Delaware. And the next morning he was sailing swiftly eastward to join his exiled family in Portugal, safe from terrorists. Only a passing thought did he give poor Louis Sixteenth. He was busied with curious reflections about those "United States."

Chivalry To-Day

By William E. Harrison '28

It would appear that, with the lamentable passing of the horse, chivalry, taking its very name from that animal, should either, in the logical course of events, be dead or dying. But, we must reflect, that in the business of chivalry the determining factor was not the horse, but his master. As it was not the hoop-skirts but their wearers that gave us the Gibson Girl and the Victorian Age, so it was not the horse but his rider that gave us chivalry. Knights of the Table Round or the Tab'e Square, on highly caparisoned steeds and weighted with uncomfortable and irksome mail, may not joust with one another on the highways now-a-days; guns and brass-knuckles may have superseded the spear of the outlaw knight of yore; checker and chess tournaments may even have taken the place of the tournaments of Sir Percival's day; Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth may now wear spats, eat lady-fingers, and contribute jokes to the *Ladies Home Journal*, yet the essence of chivalry still remains. What is the essence? It is a struggle, sometimes against odds, for one's rights to relinquish a seat on the "L" and to exercise his pet whims.

To-day, chivalry vaunts itself in the marts of the world. A gentleman's nice regard for the usages of society leads him to refrain from profanity, because of the presence of ladies. As a consequence of this, he has recourse to sarcasm and irony, and thus his wrath against the grocer, the baker, or the butcher, is appeased. A certain subtlety in the use of condemnatory epithets may be noticed. Not even in the barber-shops, once, alas, the sacrosanct places of retreats for virile, up-and-at-'em hemmen, may a man swear brazenly as he was once wont. He must now, by roundabout and pedantic circumlocution call a man a prevaricator when he

means to call him a liar eligible for all the perquisites and embellishments of doomsday.

The free-for-all *sauve-qui-peut* that ensues every day for seats on the "L" is merely reminiscent of the time when no man would sit with the driver on the stage-coach. In fact, the ladies have themselves to blame that now almost every man on a crowded and seatless street-car prepares assiduously to read the daily journal whenever one of their sex enters. If Susan B. Anthony and the other suffragettes among their grannies had not howled so foolishly about the equality, if not superiority, of the female of the species, an host of men would every day rise and offer a lady their seats all at once, and not, as now, develop and be cursed with myopia acquired by closely peering at the nearly illegible type of some tabloid. But the thesis that women are equal to men compels men to view them as equals everywhere, not excepting on the street-cars. No young husky of twenty, albeit he is a quarterwit, would think of giving his seat on the "L" to another twenty-year-old husky who is also a quarterwit.

One requisite of chivalry in Arthur's day was a good fighting arm. One had to be able to defend the wisdom of his choice of Arthur for his King with his sword-arm. To-day, a man must be so chivalrous as to stand ready, at all times, to defend the wisdom of his adherence to a fallacy, or to the chicanery dished out by his favorite mail-order philosopher, even if that sage has never been wholly able to subdue a congenital impulse to stick his hand in another's pocket and short-change the cash-register. The chivalric knight-errant, or more often than not, knight-erring must be willing to wade into the carnage of

English sparrows until he has won his way to a quiet and secluded spot where he can sit down and have a good cry.

Every gallant to-day, as in former days, is eager to succor those in distress. His attempts are sometimes pitiable, but they are all made with the right spirit. He is never known needlessly to set his foot on a worm, to refuse to bring back his fair damosel's vagrant Pekingese pup, or to deprive squirrels of nuts. He may become so Quixotic as to try to be a chiropodist to centipedes, and dredge ant-hills. More ideas

are formed within his skull than within the skulls of any other living men, save the inmates of the hospitals for the insane. He ever has a far-away look in his eye, as if he is sighing inwardly and imperceptibly for the hour when he can seize the oyster-fork, array himself in aluminum, essay forth to rescue Five-and-Ten maidens of thirty-five from durance vile, and fight for the holy cause of Lux.

Chivalry, of course, is not dying. It is not even ill.

The Ladies

By Arnold Isenberg '28

The geese they are a funny breed;
They know no law, they own no creed.
A sophomore could plainly see
They've no idea of *loyalty*.

We ganders now appreciate
The value of the church, the state,
The home, the office, lodge and clan,
These things are dear to every gan'.
But geese—oh!—oh!—they're hopeless.

A heavy problem are the cows;
No spur is needed to arouse
In each cow breast a subtle thing,
The potent germ of back-biting.

Now when there's strife among us, bulls,
We settle it with shoves and pulls.
We lock our horns in combat royal
And always after Mr. Hoyle.

Let's struggle, boys, against the hens,
That constant menace to the men's
Age-old, unquestioned right to be
Dull, lazy, backward, stupid—free!

Now here am I, a splendid cock,
Who, like my fathers, walk my walk,
Display my feathers, stretch my legs,
Collect no worms and guard no eggs.
But hens—Brrrr!—they're ambitious.

I give you, gentlemen, the dames,
Those complex fraus that bear our names.
Let's honest, jolly, upright be
And cherish our simplicity.



Memories

By M. G. Kowalewski

The popular fiction of today, is very interesting indeed, but it is far more interesting to have one's own personal adventures to look back upon. Here are a few personal reminiscences in further exemplification of the old saw "Truth is stranger than fiction."

My mother and I were only two souls out of the millions who were completely surprised by the sudden outbreak of the World War. By some unhappy turn of fate we two arrived in Poland three days before the outbreak of this terrible struggle. It was too late to return. My mother's lamentations and wishes to be back with my father in the United States did not help the situation any. All that my father could do was to send a telegram saying, "Take good care of our son, dear." When the first cannon shots announced the beginning of the terrible slaughter which was to follow, my mother and I, who was only four years old then, found ourselves with some distant relatives, about fifty miles from the Prussian border.

A few days after our arrival came an order that threw the entire village into the greatest confusion. Every soul was to leave the village, for the Russian line was fast retreating, followed closely by a great number of Germans. No one knew where he was going nor when he would return, if ever. With loud cries every one went to work preparing for this journey without destination. The old people who had spent all their lives in the village said they would rather be killed in it than wander away from home. Men were digging large holes in the gardens and stowing away between layers of straw, furniture and valuables. Excited women were helping the men. The children, getting into every one's way and being treated rather roughly,

showed their lung power and added to the general commotion. The work continued all through the night by the light of pine torches. When the sun rose the next morning, a long line of wagons and people could be seen slowly making its way out of the village. The now homeless wanderers, with a last look at their birth place, uttered a loud moan which the echoes took up and sent through the deserted village.

Although a few days before we considered ourselves a world apart, we shared the general feeling now and we were as sorry to leave this village as were its inhabitants themselves. Any one would have been in the same mood as these peasants, had he seen them as they left their comfortable homes, their well tilled lands, their cows, horses, and all their domestic animals, in fact everything in their possession, to undergo the scourge of war.

The next nine months were spent in the most horrible manner. All the incidents are so clearly impressed on my mind, that I'll be haunted by them throughout my life. This exile started early in February, and during that month, during the worst cold spells and blizzards, we lived, or rather we existed, in a forest. Our home was a dugout covered with logs, straw, and earth, with only one opening. Here the "huddle" system came into practical use. The warmth of one's neighbor prevented one from freezing. If it was too cold outside, the only opening was covered up with straw, allowing very little air to enter and upon awaking the following morning, one almost needed an application of artificial respiration.

After the snow had melted and Von Hindenburg could drive the Russians at a greater speed we were forced to

give up this "wonderful" abode and keep within a certain distance from the front. Sometimes we would have to flee for days and nights without stopping. If anyone fell from exhaustion he was left unburied, for the rattle of machine guns, and the booming of cannons would be only a few miles away. At such times, after my little legs became weary, my mother would take me on her back in a blanket, like an Indian papoose, and straggle along with the wagon, although she was as weary as I. Sometimes when we had to make a stop, with no village in sight, we packed ourselves like sardines under the wagon, and by means of some rags and the warmth of each other's body, we managed to snatch some rest. On one such occasion I woke up in the morning to find myself in a puddle of muddy water from the rain that had fallen in the night. I almost caught cold, not from the fact that I was in the puddle, for that had become warm by the heat of my body, but from the fact that I got out of such a warm place into the cool morning atmosphere.

Sometimes we stayed in some little village crowded by hundreds of refugees and Russians. Then we enjoyed ourselves, for the Cossacks were as gentle and generous towards us as they were reputed to be ferocious and cruel on the battle field. They shared with us the cattle and sheep which they killed by hundreds.

One day as we were following the wagon along a rough road through some woods we came upon a detachment of Russian soldiers with a few cannons and supplies. Upon sighting us, a few came galloping up, and before we knew what was happening, they were leading away the two fine horses that pulled our provision wagon, to help them along the rough road. The men of the party knew enough not to meddle with the

soldiers, but the entreaties and cries of the women who tried to prevent this open-faced robbery, were answered only by scornful laughs and blows of the "hanayka", a whip of raw hide used very effectively by the Russian horsemen.

What were we to do? If we remained there, the front would be upon us in a few days, and we'd starve if we went without the wagon which contained all our provisions and clothing. It was finally decided that we should remain in the forest regardless of the consequences. There was a little hill about a mile away, from which a view of the country could be had. There the provisions were carried and among some lonely pines a trench was dug similar to the one used during the winter to sleep in. This was to be used as a place of refuge in an emergency.

Every day we heard the cannons coming nearer and nearer. On the morning of the fourth, we saw, about two miles away, the Russians hastily digging trenches, seemingly preparing for an attack. They did not have to wait long before a long green line was seen advancing.

We were used to hearing the pup-pup-pup of the machine guns, the cracking sound of the rifles and the boom-zzzzzzz bang! of the artillery guns, but that morning hell seemed to have been let loose. The sounds of the different guns could not be discerned, all that could be heard was a continuous, deafening thunder, that shook the earth and threatened to cave in our rabbits' burrow. Hardly a person could be seen on the field, yet there must have been thousands of them trying to imitate Thor, the thunderer, and succeeding very well indeed. A balloon came in sight and was wreaking great damage on the German side when an airplane appeared and made short work of it by sending it aflame to the ground. Every second

an explosive missile would land and send up it seemed about a ton of earth plus whatever happened to be in the way.

Then from the German side a gray line arose and began moving toward the Russians. As soon as they appeared they began dropping one by one until by the time they covered three-fourths of the distance less than one-half of them remained. After about 150 yards from the Russian trenches they dropped down and kept shooting while another gray line arose to follow the first. When the two forces united they rushed on the Russians who began to give away and soon were fleeing through the thin woods below, followed by the gray bulldogs.

The German battery began sending explosive shells just ahead of the fugitives for the purpose, it appears to me, of speeding them on to the happy hunting grounds. The subjects of the Czar were not running the Marathon, so they did not have to climb the hill but "chose to run" through the valley, therefore we were not bothered by them.

While this indescribable commotion was going on, the women hid crying in the farthest corner of the bullet proof (we hoped so) compartment. Some of the men were comforting them while others prayed. All this time I was running and crying joyfully, unconcerned about the danger, and enjoying the racket, I managed to slip out of the hole unnoticed and started running downhill, for no reason at all. Before I was 20 yards away I stumbled on a root of a tall pine and fell. Just then one of the whistling shells came nearer than any had before. It hit the top of the pine, under which I fell, and exploded with a terrific noise, loud enough to burst any ear-drums. The next moment the shrapnel pattered like hail on the ground. Six of them hit me! (What luck! Only six out of the score or two!) One struck me in the spine, dislocating a vertebra,

one on the ribs, and the other four imbedded themselves in my flesh. I do not see why I was not drilled through by them, unless it was that the thickly needled pine branches retarded the impetus of the leaden marbles with which Fate was playing.

"Donnerwetter" was the first sound that greeted my ears when I regained consciousness to find myself in a German field hospital. This was the first and as it proved to be a very agreeable meeting with "Deutsch und die Deutschen." The second meeting with the language came at B. L. S. but not so pleasantly. The first time I awoke to the tune of German, the second I was almost overcome by it.

While I was contemplating my departure from this world on golden wings, this is what happened. My mother missed me immensely after I started on my Spaziergang. Just after I received my serving of lead she came running out and carried me back under cover. While some of the ladies were trying to stop the flow of the precious red life, a few Germans came up on the hill (hunting hares) and seeing something moving in the burrow one of them was in the act of throwing a bomb into it (a queer way of hunting hares indeed), when the sight of my mother, running out to fetch some water from a nearby spring, stopped him. After being satisfied that no Russians were there, one of them conducted the party to a field hospital where I was relieved of my extra weight and bandaged up.

We were given one of the captured Russian horses and a wagon, and told to return to our homes. Home! How encouraging did it sound! How much life that word put into the limbs of the poor, weary peasants.

The journey was continued during the remainder of the day and till midnight, when further progress was hind-

ered by a net work of barbed wire across our route.

The weary, homeward bound exiles slumped almost anywhere and went to sleep. I was being shaken convulsively with burning fever and crying for water. My mother went out and found something which she thought was a little spring and brought me a jugful of its contents. I eagerly swallowed a few mouthfuls, but threw the next away crying. It was salty.

At the break of dawn when I again wanted some water and my mother went to the same place for it, she found it was a pool of blood! Near it lay a Russian and a German, one with a bayonet through his midsection, the other with a bullet in his forehead, each still clutching with a deadly grip his murderous implements. My mother's screams awoke the remainder of the party who rubbed their eyes to see whether they were still asleep when they beheld the horrors about them.

They were in the midst of a field covered with hundreds of slain men and horses. One of the men found he used for a pillow a half buried corpse, showing only a grim face with fixed eyes. On the barbed wire just ahead hung a body with just one leg, near him lay only a trunk of a man with all the entrails out. Further on, from under a horse lying on its back, could be seen a face disfigured with pain. The mount must have stumbled over at full speed pinning down his master. Just over the edge of a shell hole lay a headless horse with a man crouched behind him. The unfortunate beast's head must have been

blown off by a shell. Most of the puppets of Demon War seemed to be hacked so much that they could hardly be taken for human beings. Several of the ghastly figures were blown up like balloons. The buttons of their uniforms had snapped when the entire trunk filled out to about a yard in diameter. The faces of these men were of very dark blue. I can not account for such posthumous disfigurements, but I believe gas was the cause.

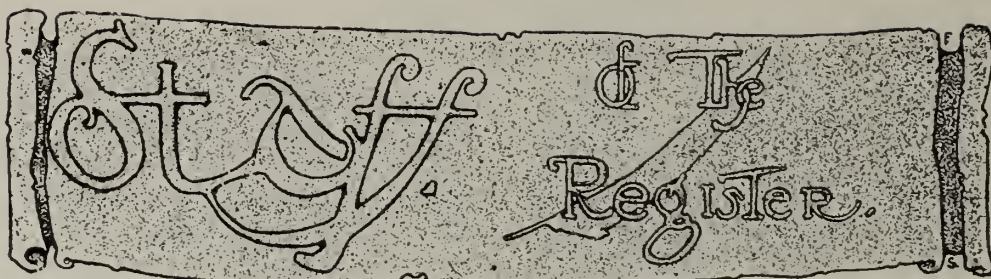
Not only the sights but also the odor of the already decomposing bodies caused us to be on our way immediately.

These were just a few of the horrible sights that we not too eagerly beheld as we picked our way out of this uncovered cemetery. On the outskirts of some woods we saw a grazing horse dragging around the body of his rider with one foot in the stirrup. Freeing the steed of his unpleasant company, we hitched the fine animal to our wagon and sped on. Each one had garnered memories enough to haunt him in dreams for years to come. The bloody field was finally traversed, and now the stretch homeward.

Home! Oh how we appreciated its protection. As we neared the village, the women ran ahead to get a glimpse of what they hoped would be a roof to shelter them after these wanderings. Their joyful and hopeful cries were changed to those of utter despair when they beheld the roof caved in and one wall completely destroyed by shells.

The only comfort that they hoped for and needed, gone!





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Harvard's Reading Tastes

The New York *Nation* some time ago made satirical mention of the fact that a poll of Harvard undergraduates revealed that the *Nation* stood third on the list of students' preferences in weekly publications. *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Liberty* were we believe first and second respectively. The editors of the *Nation* were properly shocked that the student body of what used to be the chief seat of American culture could evince so decided a preference for these bourgeois sheets over their own serious journal, "the country's leading defender of minorities." They do Harvard College a decided injustice.

For the gentlemen assume that Harvard College *as a unit* has reared up and demanded frothy, unsubstantial mental nourishment, reserving for righteousness and independence, the *matter* of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, only an undignified third place. Such is hardly the case. The poll indicates very definitely that there is a considerable number of *individual* students in Harvard College each of whom gives the *Nation* an unreserved *first place* in his weekly reading preferences. We consider this a remarkable demonstration. True, two of our flashily illustrated weekly compendiums of advertising have larger circles of readers; but the wonder is that the *Nation* should have eclipsed such popular attractions as *Collier's*, *Judge*, *Detective Story Magazine*, *Argosy*, *All-Story Weekly*, and *Life*. The number of *Nation* readers at Harvard is out of all proportion to the countrywide circulation. Harvard is an American university. Consequently the regular American magazines will find their regular American readers. Most encouraging, however, is this evidence of a solid and substantial minority whose tastes run to the courageous liberalism of the *Nation*.

Destructive Criticism

Criticism is technically definable as judgment—judgment good and judgment bad taken as a whole. Accordingly, when an enterprising commentator upon contemporary civilization begins to acquire a reputation as a devastating critic, the safe, moderate, golden-mean intellectuals are not slow to open their dictionaries, to emerge triumphantly with a rigid definition, to insist that in his failure to be detachedly temperate, to establish constructive standards, he has likewise failed to fulfill the purpose of criticism. The critical spirit, so it seems, should be represented by a pair of scales.

Let this, then, be a student's brief for destructiveness. The proposition to be proved is that all newspaper and magazine editorials, all dramatic criticisms and book reviews, all commentary upon art, literature, music, drama, and life be exclusively works of abuse, of mud-slinging, of vituperation. Let us admit, first of all, that a fine creation is its own best advertisement. The merits of a well written book are self evident to any intelligent reader. Accordingly, the devoting of thousands of words of type to the heavy praises of this year's Pulitzer-Prize winner, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," is patently ridiculous (the *Register*, we admit, is among the culprits). A beautiful style, an admittedly excellent conception of character, need no heralds. For advertising purposes let an ordinary newspaper account of such a book be written; ponderous criticism is superfluous.

There is nobody in this broad land so dense as not to recognize how splendid an achievement was the trans-Atlantic flight of Colonel Lindbergh. All the more fulsome, on that account, were the editorial ravings, over the feat. Nine-tenths of all that has been written about Lindbergh and his plane is insulting to the most mediocre intelligence.

No great sagacity is required to realize that material conditions in the United States to-day excell those of any other nation, ancient or modern. Yet the books, the editorials, the essays written each month propounding and gloating over the fact are as numberless as they are stupid.

BUT, suppose that you or I or anybody else discover a false strain, a discordant note, an evidence of shallowness of thought, a misconception, or a misinterpretation in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Then the general well-being is served by swift exposure. The truth can stand by its own substantiality; but falsehood, false ideas, false ideals, must be illuminated, must be censured. Suppose it were revealed that Colonel Lindbergh had become a mere tool of second-rate politicians (remember, we are supposing). Then the interests of fairness would be aided by a healthy protest against any such prostitution of legitimate ability to vile machinations. Suppose one arrived at the conclusion that the material welfare of the United States extended only slightly to millions of the lower classes (keep in mind, please, that this is all mere conjecture). Then fire and sword should not hold back the truth.

¶ The spirit of knocking is the only true critical spirit. The fine things in any scene are bound to perpetuate themselves. It is the dross, the filth, the bunkum which must be wiped out. That there may be conflicting opinions as to what constitutes dross, filth, and bunkum makes no difference. So long as there is ferment, evil things cannot remain. Let all sides hammer at each other, but let them be sure to hammer.

Technical literary and dramatic criticism is at its saturation point. "In the works of Joseph Conrad," recently wrote a prominent critic if I quote him correctly, "there is evidence of two conflicting natures, a masculine and a feminine. The latter predominates, but is without warning, often superseded by the former." This reading of non-existent formulae into works of art, this inability to accept a book as a book without asking whether it conforms to this standard or that standard, is becoming more and more the vogue. The play or novel of ideas, the "Looking Backward," the "Main Street," the "A Doll's House," the "R. U. R.," should become the subject of further creative discussion. The purely artistic effort should be commented upon only when it is unworthy.

That destructiveness can be intrinsically valuable, that the eradication of wrong, the removal of stinking debris, the demolition of a rotten structure are in themselves worth while and need not involve substitutions of a "constructive" nature are propositions which are self-demonstrating even in a civilization of masons, bricklayers, real estate agents, architects, contractors, and manufacturers, builders, all, and all howling for constructive critics.

The Register staff extends to
Mr. Frederick H. Dole, long a member of
the Latin School faculty, its best wishes for
success in his new position.

Conceit

It is very infrequently that readers of the *Register* are favored with expert treatment of a given subject. The commercial magazines are able to publish the products of *authorities*, of men and women of recognized distinction in their chosen fields, of authors who, from experience and observation, know what they are talking about; obviously, no such individuals are included on the roll of *Register* contributors. We publish only the comparatively jejune outpourings of prep school under-graduates (excluding, of course, the contributions of alumni), young chaps who have no great store of information or knowledge and are consequently compelled to draw upon ill-trained and often weird imaginations. And it is remarkable how the imagination can deceive one.

All the more favored, in consequence, are you, gentle reader, and your brothers throughout the School in having as the author of this particular essay one who is unquestionably the world's greatest living authority on the subject of conceit. It is generally admitted, at any rate, that I am the most conceited person alive, and I hold the two distinctions to be synonymous. Hitherto the literary world has received its entire information upon this important subject from the tongues and pens of those who by nature and environment have been inclined to treat the conceited man, as well as the abstract quality, with a contemptuous curl of the lips. "The insanity of conceit" was a favorite phrase of that profound scholar, Henry Adams. "Vain," said Macaulay of Boswell, thus condemning him to eternal perdition, and some of the weakest characters of literature, from Don Quixote to John Shand have been polished off with a

considerable touch of swellheadedness to make the picture complete. The inquiring mind, however, is confronted with a serious question. If these literary gentlemen find egotism so besetting a vice, it is safe to assume that they are reasonably free from the affliction; how then can they presume to speak so authoritatively upon the matter? How can one who has never considered it in a sympathetic light hope to deal with a problem? In what way may a purely subjective quality be treated from a purely objective viewpoint? In other matters we allow, no, insist upon, a certain amount of subjective treatment. Thus a thoroughly virtuous boy is considered the proper person to enter the clergy, whose office it is to promote virtue. A coarse, brutal being is well qualified for the position of boxing instructor. Fine, delicate souls write theses upon aesthetics. Selfish, grasping creatures become diplomatists. Some would even have us believe that the authors of naturalistic novels are themselves crude, primitive derelicts.

Why not then a treatise on the ego by an acknowledged self-worshipper? The answer is simple. There are no acknowledged self-worshippers. So much opprobrium has been attached to the possession of a proper appreciation of oneself that the ordinary citizen is afraid to own up to it. It is hardly realized to what extent this unreasoning prejudice exists. Modesty is the supreme virtue, egotism the lowest vice. The hero of the novel, after he has completed a particularly thrilling rescue, will always exclaim, "Oh, anybody could have done it." The peculiar trait of the character of Charles A. Lindbergh, that is, the trait which draws to him the masses, is his

"modesty." It is this modesty which has been the subject of hundreds of editorials and caused thousands of college and high-school boys to vote that they'd rather be Lindbergh than Lincoln or Emerson or Einstein or Pasteur or even John D. Rockefeller, with all his billions of dollars. If by modesty is meant a natural indisposition to vaunt his superiority and thus blunt the equally well developed egos of millions of other people, I consider it a thoroughly worthy though by no means exceptional quality. But if Colonel Lindbergh is the type of person who says that anybody could have done it, I sincerely hope we shall never meet, just as I hope never to brush up against the politician who declares that "My many friends consider me well qualified for this high office," or the abysmal idiot who announces that "My success is due wholly to my darling wife."

But it is primarily not against false modesty but for conceit that I, a frank coxcomb, have entered the lists.

"Were you first in your class last year?" asked a young lady of me a year or so ago.

"No," I replied, "I was second."

"Well, that's good, too," she ventured.

"Of course it's good," I said.

"Oh!" she murmured, "aren't you conceited?"

How? Why? What possible foundation had she for such a remark? To coincide in an opinion which she herself held of me, by what process of mental gymnastics could that be considered an evidence of vanity? Was I, then, expected to conceal my thoughts, to reply to her with a modest disclaimer? What profound hypocrisy! Yet the shallowness and confusion of this girl's thinking is simply typical of the world's ideas on the subject. The case I have cited is also typical. I gained a high

position in my class. The result was a fair measure of self esteem. The world considers this censurable. It is, on the contrary, quite praiseworthy. Even more praiseworthy is my idea that I am a better man than he who gained first place. But I am compelled to keep this opinion to myself lest I be incarcerated.

There are two kinds of conceit, the conceit of the specialist and that of the individual. What is commonly called conceit in the specialist is usually nothing but a proper judgment of his own ability. I once knew the national fancy diving champion. He was as much a leader in his field as Lindbergh in aviation, but, unlike the Colonel, he was perfectly willing to admit his superiority. He was not aggressive about it, but he needed no spur to let you know that he was the last word in diving. Consequently he was heartily disliked. Nobody denied his claims, but they held it inconsiderate of him to concur in the general opinion. This is sheer nonsense. Now, supposing this diver had considered himself the greatest diver in the history of diving, supposing in other words, that he had been even more "swell headed" than he was, can we condemn him even on this account? No, here would have been purely a matter of judgment. My friend would have exalted his ability, not because it was his ability but because he could not imagine greater ability or because he held supreme confidence in his potentialities thoroughly latent though they may have been. Mr. Shaw considers himself a greater dramatist than Shakespeare. Nine out of ten critics think that he doesn't reach to Shakespeare's ankles. But is there anything insanely vain in Mr. Shaw's belief? Shall he be ostracized because of a perfectly legitimate though, perhaps, not entirely accurate judgment? No, and Mr. Shaw

has not been ostracized—because he is Shaw. But let the man in the street voice a similar opinion—let him say that he could run the government better than the President, let him announce that he earns more than his pay, let me argue that my interpretation of a passage of poetry is just as logical as that of my school teacher—and chaos would ensue. A specialist's opinions are respected, so long as they are not of himself.

The individual's general rating of himself can likewise find none but the most cautious expression. On what is this rating based? On actual achievements? Hardly. The appreciation of oneself is essentially the appreciation of one's inner qualities. The ordinary man is rarely conceited because of his business ability, his reputation, or his success. It is the consciousness of being an intelligent creature, the knowledge that one is inherently great regardless of whether the greatness has yet manifested itself that gives one a serenity and confidence which the vulgar interpret as a vile and foolish self-worship. I, for example, consider myself the clearest and most profound thinker the world has yet produced. I fully realize that nobody else sees this quality in me, that never will it come to the surface either in speech or writing, that men live and have lived whose thoughts can hardly be comprehended by me, but when it comes right down to a question of simple cerebration—let the immortals come on! This is a mad feeling, a vain feeling, but an unconquerable feeling. It is unconquerable—that is the fact. But who—except me—shall say that it is mad or vain? Who knows me well enough to give the lie to my proud claim? Who

can prove, from exact knowledge of my inner qualities that I am not potentially the greatest of great thinkers? Who, then, has the right to call me conceited? It may be true, but how can it be demonstrated? We are dealing then with a fallacy, the fallacy that there is such a thing as conceit in the same sense that there are potatoes and dreams and the qualities of selfishness and perseverance and temperance. If the man outside has not the proper knowledge to judge of the validity of the individual's claims and the individual himself is barred out because he is the individual, the term "conceit" can no longer be applied—except by those powerful people, writers of fiction, to their characters. At all events, it must cease to be synonymous in the public mind with personal judgment, self-respect, or simple honesty.

I have, of course, not referred to that aggravation of egotism which renders a man unable to carry on equable relations with others. An aggressive sense of superiority is a terrible affliction. Thus, it is entirely proper for a woman to consider herself beautiful. It is by no means censurable if she thinks she is more beautiful than she really is. But if she expects special considerations and attentions for her beauty, she should be properly spanked. There are those whose self-worship takes the form of intolerance of others. But this is not pure conceit. It is rather an overwhelming selfishness. The truly self-respecting man is thoroughly tolerant. Even I, who am superlatively vain, have never been accused of refusing to listen to the pretensions of other egotists, for that is what I am convinced we all of us are.

Booke Reviews



Edited By Harry Bergson, Jr.

BLACK MAJESTY

By John W. Vandercook

Henry Christophe was a poor negro slave, who was brought to the island of Haiti when he was but a youngster. He had served in Virginia in the American Revolution. Afterwards he was a waiter in a restaurant, where he fell in love with the landlord's daughter. When the negroes were proclaimed free by the Republic of France, he saw two negroes broken on the wheel for trying to assert their rights. This scene incensed him with a great hatred for the whites and in collaboration with Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines he built up the great kingdom of Haiti. His greatest difficulty in his reign was that he tried to do too much in too little time.

The story of the uprising is surprisingly well depicted by Mr. Vandercook. He is intimate with the negro problem. His interest in it was aroused when he witnessed the lynching of two of them. The true portraits of his characters show his infinite knowledge of his subject. The history which he writes is little known. Many facts are disclosed about the negro who defeated the armies of

Napoleon. The wretched general with few resources put to rout the best trained soldiers of Europe.

* * *

DELUGE

By S. Fowler Wright

Deluge is a story of the future. It is a story of a time immediately following a great flood similar to that renowned deluge in which the famous Mr. Noah participated. It is written in a way far surpassing that of either Mr. H. G. Wells or Jules Verne. It deals with the necessary reversion to nature of the survivors of that incomprehensible catastrophe which is supposed to have overtaken the world due to a general depression of the land in Europe.

The suspending of all bonds and laws makes a great subject for a psychoanalyst like Mr. Wright. No bounds of decency, nothing except conscience, which may be described as that little something which tells us some one is looking.

The subject is well treated, it is different. It gives freedom to the imagination and lets it run wild over the barren waste of a world that once was civilization. The necessity of rebuilding a new civilization without the

faults of the old falls to one man who is torn between the morals of the old world and the necessities of the new. The mental struggle is well represented.

* * *

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

By Thornton Wilder

Five people were killed when the bridge at Lima, Peru, fell. The accident caused a Franciscan monk to write a book about it and to look up the particulars of the life of each to discover why it was that these fine persons happened to be at the bridge at that time rather than any others. His informers were biased and he could not get a true account of the life of each. Therefore, the biographies of each have been given correctly in this book. They are character sketches.

The portraits of the Marquesa and Perichole are not quite so good as those of Esteban and Uncle Pio. Nevertheless, they form a unique book written in a unique style. There is something about it that holds and tantalizes the reader. It is absolutely unlike any other book; it is entirely original. It gives the life of the more prominent types in Peru; there are the nobility, followers of the stage, the working class, the adventurer, and the child. Each is more fascinatingly interesting than the other, indeed should hardly be called less than magnificent. It is a book for posterity.

H. B. Jr.

* * *

THE SCRAP-BOOK OF ELBERT HUBBARD

Every so often some subtle soul gives to the world an anthology. Certain ill-bred persons, I take it, being for long pregnant with the belief that they should write "The Great Anthology," can restrain themselves no longer; hence the disgusting drivel presented to us as anthologies. Mr. Untermeyer, I recollect, produced a laudable anthology; likewise Mr. Morley. But, generally

speaking, anthologies are boring things, which one does well to avoid.

The Scrap-book of Elbert Hubbard, the virtues and faults of which it is my duty to consider in these lines, is a rarity. It is like a genuine Stradivarius, like an ancient coin, like a hoped-for antique—it is something often discussed, but less often seen.

The present volume is essentially an anthology. It presents what one of the most engaging literary personalities of the past century considered to be great writing. It is a far cry from a venerable Greek tragedian to a modern wag, yet Hubbard has included works of each in his book; and he has done it commendably.

What impressed me most about *The Scrap-Book of Elbert Hubbard* was its appeal to such varied types. Cousin Marguerite, twelve and demure, who recites *The Bugle Song* whenever visitors come, informed me that it was more enjoyable than even *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Auntie Joa, a painfully sedate matron, pronounced it a deathless work; while her sister Anne, a sprightly enough wench, forwent a long anticipated perusal of *Strange Interlude* to read it. Where three such ruthless critics?

To be candid, we may disagree with many of Hubbard's selections. We cannot, however, but admit that they have irresistible charm. Mr. Kipling's *If* is included. This alone should induce many that the best of taste has been employed. Oscar Wilde, John Masefield, and Thomas Jefferson are among the many whose work is represented. Epigrams—arresting, witty epigrams are to be found in abundance.

All in all, *The Scrap-Book of Elbert Hubbard* is as satisfying a book as one can ask for. It is refreshing to come across this, at a time when so much mere rot is being sold. Surely, it is a most enjoyable anthology.

—George Frazier

BABBITT—BAITING

"The Man Who Knew Coolidge"

By Sinclair Lewis

"A Man of Learning"

By Nelson A. Crawford

The uninitiated reader opens *A Man of Learning*. He sees a "portrait" of the subject of this "biography", Dr. Arthur Patrick Redfield, as frontispiece. Then he reads the foreword and is inexpressibly shocked by the unadulterated nonsense he finds there. "Free verse, literary handmaiden of free thought and free love"; "the poison of Bolshevism,—the lethargy of agnosticism"; "no anaemic saint,—but a red-blooded citizen of the United States." How could a reputable publisher have accepted this stuff? This biographer must be Babbitt in the flesh! The reader is tempted to fling the book away, but in anticipation of further amusement at the expense of this imbecile and his subject, reads the first chapter and discovers that this is no biography but a devilishly clever work of fiction, satirizing in the most effective way the life and outlook of a Middle-Western college president who considers education a "business", is devoted to Service and Idealism, belongs to Rotary and Kiwanis and cloaks the nature of a libertine with a mask of piety and self-righteousness. The supposed biographer is evidently a simple, unsuspecting soul with the ideas of a child of five. In nearly every sentence he reveals the true facts of Redfield's career while ostensibly build-

ing a structure of praise. The result is most entertaining.

The Man Who Knew Coolidge is another piece of subjective criticism. Lowell Schmaltz, a friend and neighbor of George F. Babbitt, talks on and on, revealing himself as a mean, small-spirited mental incompetent. In this dramatic monologue Lewis attains the heights in the portrayal of human idiocy.

A warning: Read these books with the intention of enjoying yourself and your intention will be completely fulfilled; take them as serious works of criticism and the time you spend in reading them will be pure waste. Sinclair Lewis' idea of characterization is well known. He collects a bundle of vices or ineffectualities and labels them Elmer Gantry or Babbitt or Carol Wilford. *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*, unlike *Arrowsmith*, is no exception to the rule and *A Man of Learning*, shows signs of the direct influence of *Babbitt*. All this sham, this hypocrisy, this intellectual nonage, may indeed be typical of the life of the Middle West. But surely not all of the attributes of Schmaltz and Redfield and of the society they move in can be found in any single inhabitant of Winnetamac or any such restricted area as is here depicted. The next creation of one of these devastating critics will no doubt be another Redfield - Tozer - Babbitt - Schmaltz - Rouncefield - Kennicott sort of person, who will be as amusing as his predecessors and, like them, must not be taken seriously.

—A. I.



Dave Rand's Pluck, or Pitching for Fairville High

By Russell R. Bletzer

Dave Rand whistled as he walked down the main street of Fairville. His beloved Alma Mater, Fairville High, was to play its deadliest rival, Oakmont Academy, on the following Saturday. Dave was Fairville's baseball captain and pitcher.

For the benefit of those who have not read the previous books of this series, let me introduce Dave Rand. He was an honest, fearless, blue-eyed young fellow, a good athlete, and the idol of his friends. In "Dave Rand at Grammar School, or The Boy Halfback," we followed Dave through the hard years when he played on his first football team and trounced the bully, Karl Snell, for his sneaky tricks.

But to return to the story: suddenly Dave stopped whistling and his honest, face assumed an angry look. His fearless blue eyes became steely. The cause of our hero's discomfiture was the sight of Karl Snell, the village rowdy, approaching from the other direction. Snell had a cigarette in his mouth as usual.

"All conceited about winnin' the game last Saturday, ain't yuh?" he sneered, in his abominable English, breathing smoke into Dave's face.

"No," answered Dave, gently but firmly.

"S'pose you t'ink yuh gonna beat Oakmont this Saturday, too, don't yuh?" continued the bully.

"I hope to," fearlessly answered our hero.

"Well yuh ain't, 'cause me cousin pitches for Oakmont and he's got yuh skun a mile." And with this taunting fling, Karl shambled off.

"I shall do my best to win for Fairville," muttered Dave between clenched teeth.

Fairville's grandstands were filled early by the eager rooters, and the pop and peanut venders did a thriving business, for the day was sunny and mild.

As our hero walked out to the pitcher's box for the first inning, he was greeted by the long Fairville cheer. All were confident that Dave would pitch his team to victory. But in that fatal first inning, it became evident that Dave was not his usual self. He let Oakmont get five runs, and these looked like five insurmountable barriers to the disheartened Fairville team. The coach removed Dave from the box and sent in Evans, the steady but not brilliant substitute.

Dave's face was flushed and he showed unmistakable signs of sleepiness. The coach believed and yet could not believe, considering Dave's honesty and his devotion to the team, that he had broken training by staying up late.

Before the game was over, Dave was snoring loudly on the bench, to the disgust and disappointment of his teammates. Finally, when Oakmont had won, by a score of seven to one, Dave had to be carried into the locker room, where examination by the doctor disclosed that Dave was under the influence of a potent drug. This exculpated Dave from the suspicion that he had broken training, but none could understand who doped him.

At length Dave revived, under the administration of the doctor. Immediately all his teammates gathered around him.

"How did it happen?" asked one.

"Who did it?" demanded another.

"I think," said Dave slowly, "yes, I know that Karl Snell gave me that drug, although I can't understand how, when, or where."

"How can you prove that it was Karl, then, Dave?" queried one player logically.

"Because he's the villain of the story, and the villain is always the guilty one," replied our hero.

Thus we shall leave Dave Rand, but not for long; for he will immediately begin recuperating in preparation for the next glorious adventure of the typically magnanimous, rectiferous, splendid American boy.

Alumni Notes

'84

Honors to city, state, and nation were paid to the deceased at the funeral of Congressman James Ambrose Gallivan on April 5.

'91.

Carl Dreyfus has been appointed a member of the School Survey Board of the City of Boston. Mr. Dreyfus is chairman of the Massachusetts training schools, a trustee of the Boston City Hospital, a trustee of the Hale House, and a director of the Boston Dwelling House Company.

'05.

Dexter Perkins, Professor of history in the University of Rochester, has been elected Secretary of the American Historical Association.

'98.

Allan M. Pope, a graduate of West Point and formerly colonel in the United States Army, has been elected president of the First National Corporation of New York. Mr. Pope is chairman of the board of the Institute of International Finance, a member of the advisory board of the American Acceptance Corporation, and director of several banks and corporations.

'24.

Alfred Fusonie has signed a contract to coach the Taft School team in football next year.

James A. Curley, Jr., has been awarded the Fulton Debating Society medal at Boston College.

Detur scholarships at Harvard have been awarded to George Alpert '25 and Benjamin Alexander '26.



Canvas and Sawdust

By Edwin W. Fuller, Jr. '29

If you had happened to find yourself under the "Big Top" of Reed's Mammoth Circus, you would have seen what was billed as "The Greatest Show on Earth." And surely it was, for did it not have "The Great Orlando, World's Premier Tight-Rope Walker," "The Flying Nelsons, Trapeze Artists," "The Milton Twins, Child Bare-back Riders," "Emmanuel and his Performing Lions," and numerous other celebrities?

Huge crowds were entering the big tent. The smell of pop-corn, pink lemonade, hot dogs, and above all, that of sawdust pervaded the atmosphere.

"Just time to see the Freaks of Nature before the Big Show," called the "barker" in front of the Side Show. "Nothing like it ever before? Nothing like it ever again. Don't miss Gigantic Gerty, the fattest woman on earth, Alexander, the boy with the "radio" eyes, the Missing Link, and above all don't miss Cleopatra, the snake charmer. Come one, come all!—One dime!"

From within the humanity-filled tent came the music of the band, the whinnying of the horses, and the slapping noises as the elephants flapped their huge ears to and fro, the incessant chatterings of mischievous monkeys, the thundering roar of tawny, sinewy lions, the raucous calling of the "barkers" and peanut-venders. The enormous spectacle had just begun. Into the spacious inclosure marched the red-and-gold band. Straight to the center ring they went, striking up a well-known march. The tent was filled with rings, nets, mats, and gayly painted "props." Clowns tumbled, screamed, jumped, ran, and laughed. From high overhead the spotlights were all focused on one small blue figure. As high as the top of the tent permitted, the

Great Orlando, balancing himself precariously on a glistening wire with a long heavy pole, accomplished amazing feats.

Then came the performing lions. In a resplendent red uniform trimmed with silver lace, Emmanuel cracked his whip,—and the crouching, snarling, cringing, lions obeyed. Armed with only a riding whip a small gun filled with blank cartridges, he dominated the huge beasts. a pyramid. Again, and they leaped upon their pedestals. Baring their teeth, the lions growled. Another crack of the whip and one by one the lions jumped through a hoop of fire. The witnessing thousands, fascinated, horrified, applauded loudly. And then the lions, tails lashing, eyes glinting, were led to their wagons and wheeled back to the outer tent. The trapeze artists now performed. Flying through space at great speed, they seemed like wingless birds. Their feats were breathtaking. Back and forth they flew. Then, the ring master, tall and dignified in silk hat and shiny riding-boots, stepped to the center of the vast tent and removing his hat, announced in a deep voice, "Miss Dolly Nelson, the amazing mistress of the trapeze, will now attempt a somersault through the air from one trapeze to another, blindfolded and with a gunny sack over her head. I thank you."

Every light in the tent went dark except several large floodlights which played upon the trapeze artists. The gasps and whispers were audible. Just think—a false move, a misstep or a slippery hand and—. The drums began that ominous rolling that meant that someone was about to make a death-defying leap. There was a small resplendent figure with the gunny sack

on her head, swinging in a semi-circle from the tent top, while on the next trapeze a man swung in unison. It seemed like years to the watching audience. The girl's slight body, freed from its support, described the perfect curve of a diving mermaid. The drums rolled louder and louder. She caught the man's waiting hands as he hung by his toes. Then, back again, but before she reached the first trapeze, her figure went limp. One hand grasped at the trapeze. Missed! The people gasped. No! Caught it! The acrobats descended to the tumultuous applause of the people and the loud blare of the band.

Then followed the Milton Twins. A boy and girl of about nine in spotless white tights rode bare-back and performed tricks on equally spotless white horses. The children pranced and pirouetted atop the galloping ponies. The next number was a trained seal act. They balanced bright-hued balls on their noses and clumsily waddled around, clapping their flippers resoundingly after each catch of the gilded basket-ball.

On went the circus. Clowns, animals, trapeze artists, tight-rope walkers, all performed. Finally, the chariot races were held. The horses drawing the gay-colored wagons sped round and round the hippodrome track, and, of course, the beautiful lady in red, white and blue, won. Then, the band played the National Anthem and the show was over. The audience crowded out and the performers hastened to wash before dinner. For dinner was to be a special event that night. Bobby Baxter, the adopted son of Jimmy Baxter, billed as "The Great Orlando," was having a party to celebrate his twelfth birthday. Before dinner, several of the performers grouped together in the menagerie tent and summoned Bobby. When he

came running up, one of the group stepped forward and made a little speech about "our own boy," and then presented him with the one thing Bobby had wanted all of his twelve years—a lion cub. Ever since Bobby could remember, he had been with the circus, and always he had wanted a young lion. He had been promised one by his father, but then—an untimely railroad accident had robbed him of both his parents. His father and mother had been trapeze artists, and Bobby had been brought up in the circus. When Bobby was left alone, Mr. Baxter had adopted him. He was a "great guy," in the opinion of Bobby, but "it's nix on the lion cub." And now he had one. A real, honest-to-goodness lion. He took the animal into his arms. A little collar was around its neck. On it was inscribed, "To Bobby from his friends." The boy thanked the givers as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The lion was just about three weeks old. There wasn't much to see, just a ball of orange fur. He opened his eyes, pale blue at this stage, and looked forth upon the canvas world. Bobby petted him and the cub whined softly. The lion, whom Bobby named Rajah, shared a cage with his mother in the menagerie tent.

As the season progressed, Rajah grew and was soon given a cage all of his own. By the end of a year, he was a fairly large lion. As Bobby looked at him, two hundred pounds of solid muscle encased in velvet skin, he could hardly realize that only a year before, he had carried him, a wee fuzzy ball under one arm. His growth had been marvellous and the animal's devotion to his owner had increased with each day of his life. The boy was equally fond of his pet, and with the aid of Emmanuel spent many hours teaching him tricks, so that in time he could take his place

with the older lions in the performing cage.

* * * * *

Five years elapsed and Bobby, participating in the act with his foster-father, was having great success. Rajah was the star performer of Emmanuel's lion troupe. Rajah had always behaved himself and was no trouble at all to the intrepid trainer. But at one particular performance, Rajah growled menacingly as the trainer snapped his whip. Lithe muscles rippled beneath his tawny skin, his amber eyes blazed, and the tip of his tail twitched nervously. Emmanuel was alone in the cage with the lion. The only object within the inclosure was a tall pedestal to which Rajah was supposed to jump and stand on his hind legs.

"Up," ordered Emmanuel, snapping his whip over the ground. The lion hesitated. The man snapped his whip again. The lion leaped, but the pedestal swayed beneath his feet. He tried to steady himself, but the tottering support crashed to the ground. The lion fell in an awkward position with a dull thud. He roared and limped to the other side of the arena. Knowing that Rajah was hurt, Emmanuel opened the door to the lion's cage and permitted him to leave the arena. Hurriedly summoning some other lions into the inclosure, the trainer finished his act as well as possible. He then hastened to Rajah's cage, but Bobby was there ahead of him. Entering the cage, they inspected the lion's paw. Rajah knowing his friends were there to help him, submitted willingly to the examination. It proved to be a splinter in his paw, which Emmanuel removed in short order. It left a rather nasty wound and Rajah whined piteously. Bobby resolved to sleep in the car just behind the lion's, when they made the jump that night to the next town.

After Bobby was sure that Rajah was comfortable in his cage and that he had plenty of drinking water, he entered the next car and prepared to retire. Moving day is always very tiring, and it wasn't long before Bobby was sound asleep. Just how long he slept he had no way of reckoning, but he was suddenly brought back to full and startled consciousness by an uncanny sense that something was wrong. He immediately propped himself on his elbow and listened intently. Only the *clickety-clickety-clack* of the wheels beneath him came to his straining ears. He settled back in the bunk and gazed into the blackness of the roof. Suddenly he sat up straight. He listened. Quickly he got out of bed and dressed.

"Just take a look at Rajah" he muttered. "See if everything's O. K." He walked from his car to the lion's and was about to enter the cage when he saw a small flame in the canvas cover of the cage, evidently lighted by a spark from the engine. He grabbed a nearby bucket and hurried to the car ahead, which was the water-car. Back to the fire he rushed, emptying the pail over the flame. He uttered a shrieking cry as a warning of that most dreaded by the circus—"Fire!" Pail after pail of water he carried till the fire was almost extinguished. Others rushed to his assistance. The whistle blew, the emergency brakes were clamped on. To put out the last bit of flame, Bobby climbed on top of the lion's den. It was but a moment's work to extinguish the small blaze on the roof. Bobby tired from his exertion and somewhat overcome by smoke, slipped on the wet and treacherous footing. He clutched wildly; his hands grasped at the car but missed! His figure went limp. Crumpled, it recovered too late. He was falling, falling.—

When the train finally came to a

full stop, everyone rushed to the lion's den which was dripping with water. They found Bobby in the ditch by the tracks, his neck broken. Death had been instantaneous. His love of life, his sympathetic understanding, had be-

come merely another tragic fortuity of the peripatetic canvas town. But Rajah was safe, restlessly pacing to and fro in his cage, completely oblivious of the sacrifice his master had made to save him, his pet.

The Forbidden Fruit

By John Cutler

Let the Muses sing the praises of the noble Hippomenes, who by his own ingenuity was the first and the last to outstep the fleet-footed Atalanta on the Plains of Marathon. The task that confronted Hippomenes might be likened unto the twelve labors of Hercules, or the fruitless attempt of Bellerophon to mount Olympus on the winged steed Pegasus. Not, forsooth, that Hippomene's task was without fruit, for the banana tree which he planted by the Oracle of Delphi in honor of Apollo yielded fruit that fully repaid him for his trouble.

Atalanta, daughter of a mighty king, even at an early age exhibited little aptitude to rival Minerva in the art of spinning, or even to perfect herself in the simple practice of sewing buttons. It was once rumored by the Vestal Virgins that Hippomenes, whom she later married, was on one occasion obliged to hitch up his toga with a nail. This rumor may be discounted, however, by those of us who realize that the Vestals often, for the want of some better diversion, gossiped among themselves.

The manner in which Hippomenes acquired his elusive bride was long afterwards discussed by these talkative maidens, and as it comes down to us we must appreciate the fact that it has often been distorted by the fantastic imagination of its tellers.

It seemed that Greece, in those glamorous days when men were men, and women knew it, was being ruled wisely and well by a king, who was with-

out an heir. True, Atalanta, his nimble footed daughter, might have been termed such, but she was, of course, ineligible to occupy the throne that her father would some day leave vacant. In order to provide for this exigency the far-sighted king issued a proclamation in which he declared that whosoever should best his daughter in a foot race should become her husband, and eventually succeed him as king.

Now Atalanta, although she had shown little inclination toward domestic duties, was highly proficient in the art of running. Even the wrathful Juno would not dare to dispute this fact. So the successful candidate would of necessity be primarily brave, for who else would risk defeat for death, the penalty of those unsuccessful.

Of the many who were called, few were chosen. One noble youth after another found death as the only reward for his attempt.

Among the throng of spectators who were witnessing the harrowing festivities was Hippomenes, who scornfully watched the futile attempts of the suitors to surpass Atalanta. Atalanta noticed him, and was immediately attracted by his splendid carriage. She ardently hoped that he would not rashly join the already large number of unsuccessful aspirants. But Hippomenes, with the memories of the fall of Troy, and the cutting of the Gordian knot by Alexander fresh in his mind, like them, sought aid in artifice. He vanished, and returned shortly afterwards with three golden ripe bananas in his

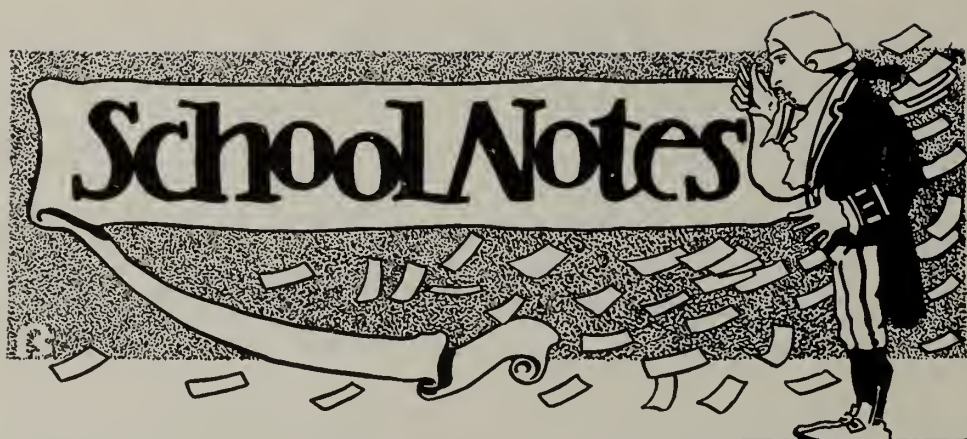
strong hands. He announced himself ready to do or die.

As they left their marks Atalanta felt a pang of remorse. It was a shame to cut short the life of such a noble youth. But the bargain was made. Atalanta had gained a score of yards on her rival when she saw a golden banana in her path, thrown there by the artful Hippomenes. She ate it and cast the skin on the ground. Hippomenes who had gained a few yards during her repast threw a second banana, and swept by Atalanta as she repeated the operation. To further his lead he threw the third tempting banana, and Atalanta, not doubting her ability to catch up with him devoured that also. She was thoroughly enjoying the feast. By this time Hippomenes had rounded the Vale of Tempe, the turning point of the race, and was well on the return journey to the starting point, confident that his big margin would insure victory. Then Hippomenes began to sow what he had reaped. He slipped on the first banana peel! He bounced up however, and resumed his terrific pace with his lead slightly diminished. He fell a second time. The bananas were playing no favorites. His lead was now seriously impaired but he struggled on gallantly. He had attained his maximum velocity when for a third dis-

concerting time he hit the ground, a victim of his own mischief. This time Atalanta took full advantage of the opportunity offered her. She swept by him with a burst of speed that would have provoked the envy of old Boreas. Hippomene's task now seemed impossible, but his never-say-die spirit winged him on. Incredible as it appeared he was gaining on Atalanta! He was outstepping her at her own game, for she was slowly relinquishing her lead. She was slowing up perceptibly. Something was radically wrong with her, for she was scarcely trotting as Hippomenes flew by her and won the race amid the deafening applause of the multitude. Atalanta finished walking, the best speed she could muster. Aesculapius, the royal physician, after a brief examination pronounced her retardation due to indigestion. The bananas had done their work.

Thus ends the tale of the nimble-footed Atalanta, whose happily married life was the result of her fruitful attempt to show her heels to the nimble-witted Hippomenes. The memory of Orpheus' sweet music is suggested when Hippomenes sings to Atalanta in a soothing voice: "When your legs are feeling heavy, and your heart is feeling sad, don't think of all the sorrow, but of all the fruit you've had."





Class Day of the Class of '28 occurred on Friday the thirteenth of April. The program, arranged by the Class Day Committee, was in most respects similar to Class Day programs of the past. A prelude by the Latin School Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Wagner was followed by a lusty chorus of male voices in a little number entitled "Class Song," which was written by H. L. Hinckley and A. Isenberg. The colors were saluted. Stanley Gerson rendered a pianoforte solo; Joseph P. Curran recited "The Dukite Snake"; Harry Feinberg performed on the violin. The Class Oration was given by Arnold Isenberg, together with the Class Prophecy, prepared by Harry Bergson, Jr. It will be published in the graduation number. Following were a number of selections by the Glee Club and the playing by H. Lyman Hinckley of a pianoforte solo composed by the performer. Warren A. Seavey '98, Professor of Law in Harvard, delivered an address upon the principles of citizenship.

The military review which closed the exercises was tendered to Colonel Albert W. Foreman.

* * *

Shortly after the close of military hostilities on May 4 Prize Reading took place in the library before judges from

Teachers' College, English High School, and Dorchester High School for Boys.

* * *

We have gleaned the following items from press notices of the past month:

Charles Brenner '28, has been awarded first prize in the Massachusetts division of the American Chemical Society's prize essay contest. His subject was "The Relation of Chemistry to the Home."

Charles Lyons '28, has been appointed to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Arnold Isenberg '28, represented the New England Federation of Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Associations in the Inter-Federation Oratorical Contest in Washington, May 20.

Louis Silver '33, has been awarded the C. H. Howe art scholarship, which provides for two months of study in Paris. His work, an oil painting, was judged best of 1500 submitted.

* * *

This is the season when contemporary editors are asking, "Have you made the most of your year's work?" It is a pertinent question, but the editors of the *Register* don't seem to care whether you have or not.

* * *

Prize Drill occurred under the most favorable of conditions.

Of a First Class Man

Being nowise gifted with originality, but flattering himself that he is sufficiently observant for the task, the author hereby attempts to set down a satisfactory account of the way Latin School "strikes" a "senior."

I have been here nearly six years. Should I wish to go through them again? Yes and no. If I could make circumstances and the rest of the world wait for me six years, and be assured of such a profound *change* in mind, manner, and outlook on the world, as I have experienced in the last six, I would do so willingly. I did not come here to learn Latin and Greek; I could succeed with a much different preparatory course. I did not come especially to learn mathematics or science or history; other schools have them. But I have gotten something here I could have gotten nowhere else. It is not confined to a single study nor to any single feature of the school. It has never been given a name. For want of a better term I shall call it *attitude*. It is the most significant factor in this modern world. It is everywhere sought, everywhere adopted in some form. The time of its fateful formation is always about the age at which we now are. Our course of study contributes to it in part, but by far the most important factor is the school system. Our system is democratic without being cheap, conservative without being snobbish. It is something to know that one has in a sense the cream of American excellence, the best that can be found; and something more to realize that it is necessary not to uphold but to *live up* to that reputation abroad.

Everyone can get a share of something, whether in an educational or social field. Favoritism is compensa-

ted for by honored traditions and excellent rulings. Rarely or never does one leave here afraid to work. He will often do too much rather than too little; and this is a vast deal better for himself. Furthermore, he knows the exact value of his work. I did not have a truly high opinion of Latin poetry until, being put in the habit of looking for such things, my eyes were opened wide by the beautiful metaphor of Vergil comparing the calm sea, streaked with the foam pushed up by laboring oars, to marble. To the end of my life I shall never look on such a sea but I shall think of that verse. It is part of the logical development, a small link in a great chain. From beginning to end the chain is one and incomparable.

Then there are the teachers. There is practically universal deference to them and respect for their task, even if one thinks that a certain one "picks on him a lot," or that another rewards an astonishing number of actions with marks or "plums." Many have an interest in him much longer than their term of teaching him, for his interests, for theirs, for those of the school which is of such great concern to us all. In the all important development of attitude and judgment the masters themselves become a study—their methods, character, efficiency. We go from the hands of a master who conducts lightning recitations to those of one who requests, entreats, commands us to take our time; from a room where questions are often asked a neighbor instead of the master to one where talking to one's self is a capital crime, from one where formality and ceremony are never broken to one where it is a breach of good sense not to have innovations. It is

all a benefit. The world must be met under the same conditions. With alacrity we accept the slogan: "It's all for the College Boards." With resignation we learn to lean on ourselves and follow instructions or take the terrible, terrible consequences. It is better to do that now to some effect than to do it later to none at all. There is nothing so fine as having to do what you don't want to, and some wise masters show that fact to students who are not so wise. Many a lad will say of the late recipient of a grudge: "But does he know his stuff!"

It is much the same in contact with classmates, coming, as it were, from the ends of the earth. You hear the phrases and see the manners of strange lands. You learn to meet indifference, derision,

selfishness, brilliance, interest, friendliness, or acclaim, as the case may be. And you are the better for all them, every one. They help much to broaden the mind.

No doubt this class seems to some to be more flippant, possibly more light-headed, than has been wont to be the case; but I contend this is a mask, which for some reason members of the class of 1928 seem fond of wearing. Originality is their watchword, from beginning to end. Beneath that, hide it as they will, they are actually as tolerant, sympathetic, willing, and well meaning a class as ever grew up in the school. Its name is pronounced with reverence by their lips, even through the mask and is still more sincerely revered in their hearts.

—H. L. H.

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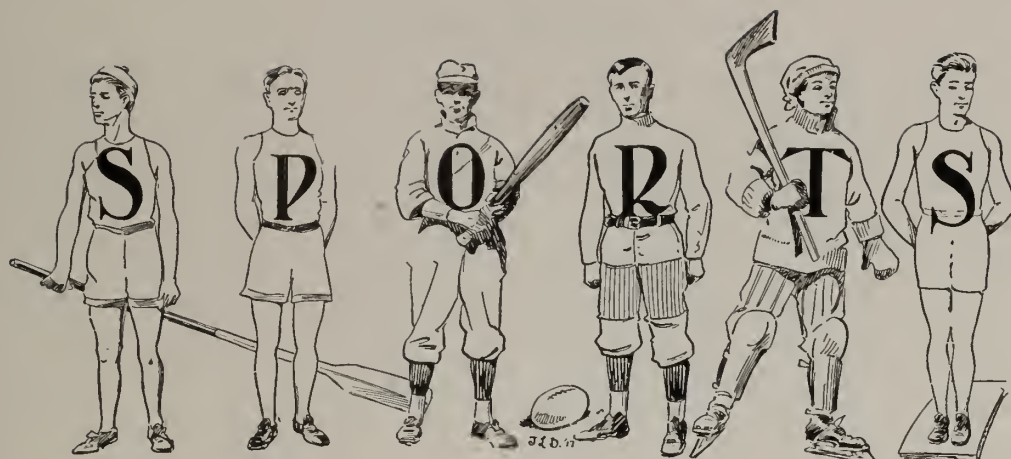
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THE MILTON GAME

On April 18, the team suffered its second defeat of the season at Milton Academy by the score of 10 to 3. The Latin batters had trouble hitting the Milton pitcher in the pinches, and were unable to get hits when hits meant runs.

The pitching for Latin was done by Flynn, whose wildness got him into many difficulties. Paul McEachern played a fine game for Latin at short, accepting seven fielding chances without error. Captain Hunt obtained the longest hit of the game on a double, to score McEachern who had preceded him at bat and was on second. "Red" also played a good game in the field.

The Summary MILTON ACADEMY

	ab	bh	po	a
Preston, lf.....	4	0	1	0
Howland, s.....	4	2	3	1
Sheldon, c.....	5	0	8	0
Cun'ham, cf.....	5	2	3	0
Sedgewick, 2.....	2	0	0	4
Walcott, 1.....	2	1	9	1
Grandin, r.....	2	0	2	1
Wheeler, p.....	5	3	1	2
Pulitzer, 3.....	2	0	0	0
Totals.....	31	8	27	9

BOSTON LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a
Talbot, 2.....	5	1	3	0
Tracy, r.....	3	0	3	0
M'Eacherns, s.....	2	1	4	3
Hunt, 3.....	2	1	1	2

Hall, cf.....	4	1	2	0
Moore, 1.....	3	1	5	0
Tobe, lf.....	4	0	2	2
Connerton, c.....	4	0	4	0
Flynn, p.....	4	1	0	5
Kutzer, 2.....	1	0	0	0

Totals..... 32 6 24 12

Innings..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Milton..... 0 1 0 3 2 4 0 0 —10

Latin..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 1—3

Runs, Howland 2, Cunningham, Sedgewick 2, Walcott, Grandin 3, Wheeler, Connerton, Moore, McEachern—Errors, Walcott, Cunningham, Tobe, Connerton 2, Howland. Two-base hits. Wheeler, Hunt, McEachern. Stolen bases, Talbot, Sacrifice hit, Pulitzer. Base on balls, by Wheeler 3, by Flynn 6. Struck out by Wheeler 9, by Flynn 4, Double play, Grandin and Walcott. Passed ball, Sheldon. Wild pitches, Wheeler, Flynn. Hit by pitched ball, by Flynn, Walcott 2, Time 2h 30m. Umpire, O'Conner.

* * *

THE TRADE GAME

Friday morning, April 20, Latin won a close game from Trade, in the 10th inning by the score of 4 to 3. The game was well played by both teams, but the Latin batting was superior, and Latin deserved the victory.

Captain Hunt was on the mound for Latin, and he polished off the Trade batters in fine style, allowing them only a few scattered hits. In the last half

of the 9th Trade had the winning run on third with one out, but "Red" came through and fanned the next two batters, thus saving the game.

"Ed" Tracey was the star of the game at bat, obtaining three hits and knocking in two runs, one of them the deciding tally. "Fee" Talbot also obtained two nice hits. "Tom" Connerton got the longest hit of the game when he socked one far over the left fielder's head for a three bagger. "Lefty" Tobe obtained a timely double with men on second and third.

The deciding run of the game came in the 10th, after Trade had tied the score in the previous inning. "Red" Hunt obtained a pass, stole second and scored on Tracey's single to deep center.

In Trade's half of the 10th, nobody reached first, and the game ended with the score Latin 4, Trade 3.

* * *

LATIN 12—EAST BOSTON 4

On April 27, Latin won its second city league game from East Boston High. Latin got six runs in the second inning.

"Ernie" Vogel did the twirling for Latin, and kept the East Boston batters well under control, while the Latin batters drove out sixteen safeties and converted them into twelve runs. Felix Talbot was back in his old position behind the bat for the first time this year, and he showed by hammering out three safeties that the environment did him good. Hunt and Hall also obtained three bingles each. Moore and Tracy both drove out doubles. The slugging of the Latin batters and the pitching of Vogel were too much for East Boston and the game ended with Latin in the lead 12 to 4.

The score:

LATIN

	ab	r	h	po	e	a
McEachern, s.....	4	2	1	3	2	0

Tracy, rf.....	5	1	2	1	0	0
Hunt, lf.....	5	0	3	0	0	0
Flynn, 3.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Moore, 1.....	3	1	1	10	0	1
Talbot, c.....	5	2	3	10	0	0
Lawlor, 2.....	5	2	2	2	3	1
Hall, cf.....	5	1	3	0	0	0
Vogel, p.....	3	2	0	0	2	1
Totals.....	39	12	16	27	7	3

EAST BOSTON

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Mandaliro, 2.....	5	1	1	2	3	0
Sartori, 3.....	3	0	1	3	1	1
Milano, c.....	4	1	1	8	0	0
Santarpio, lf.....	4	1	3	2	0	0
Jeveli, 1.....	5	0	0	10	0	0
Pinkham, rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Cerone, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Mortimer, s.....	4	0	0	0	5	1
Yankovitz, p.....	4	1	2	1	0	0
Totals.....	36	4	8	27	9	2

* * *

THE B. C. FRESHMEN GAME

The next game on the schedule was with B. C. Freshmen, and the latter team smeared Latin by the score of 11 to 2. The Eagle yearlings obtained 13 hits while Latin got only four, and therein the tale is told.

John Donovan, who last year defeated our team at Norwood High, was on the mound for the Freshmen, and he held the Latin batters in check at all times. The only Latin player to get more than one hit was Tobe, who connected for two safeties.

The score:

BOSTON COLLEGE '31

	ab	bh	po	a
Meehan, 1b.....	5	1	11	0
Shea, s.....	4	0	0	1
Burke, s.....	1	0	0	1
Spogn'r di, 2.....	4	2	3	2
Tarallo, 2.....	1	0	1	0
Temple, 3.....	4	3	3	2

Aaron, 3	0	0	0	0
Ricci, lf	4	1	1	1
Horne, lf	0	0	0	0
Vod'klys, cf	4	1	2	0
Collins, cf	0	0	0	0
J. H. Shea, r	3	1	0	0
O'Brien, r	1	1	1	0
Froten, c	3	1	5	0
Donovan, p	3	2	0	5
Regan, p	0	0	0	1
*Smith	1	1	0	0
Totals	38	13	27	13

BOSTON LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a
McEachern, 1b	3	0	3	5
Tracey, r	4	1	0	0
Moore, 1b	3	0	11	0
Flynn, 3	4	1	1	2
Talbot, c	4	0	3	2
Hall, cf	3	0	3	0
Tobe, lf p	4	2	1	0
Lawlar, 2	4	0	2	1
Vogel, p. lf	3	0	0	4
Totals	32	4	24	14

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
B. C. '31	0	4	0	1	1	2	2	1	—11
Boston Latin	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Runs—Tracey, Vogel, J. H. Shea 3, Spognardi 2, Temple 2, Vodoklys, Ricci, Donovan, Froten. Errors—Flynn, McEachern 2, Temple, Horne, Donovan. Two-base hits—Spognardi, Vodiklys, J. H. Shea, Froten, Donovan, Smith, Tracey. Three-base hits—Temple 2. Sacrifice hits—Meehan, Tobe. First-base on balls—Off Donovan 2, off Vogel 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Donovan (Vogel). Struck out—By Donovan 4, by Regan 1, by Vogel 1, by Tobe 2. Winning pitcher—Donovan. Losing pitcher—Vogel. Umpire—Gardella. T. —2h. 5m.

*Batted for Donovan in 8th.

* * *

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 5—

BOSTON LATIN 4

On Thursday, May 3, Cambridge

Latin nosed out our team by the score of 5 to 4, in a 10-inning contest at Russell Field, Cambridge. The game was evenly played throughout, and though our team played errorless ball in the field, the Cantabs were superior at bat, scoring 12 hits to our 7.

Cambridge started off with a bang, when the first man up hit a home run over the left field fence on the third ball pitched to him. The Cantabs added another in the fifth and a third in the sixth with Boston making one in its half of the sixth and two to tie the count in the eighth. Our team went into the lead in the first of the 10th, when Hall scored on Tobe's grounder to short, after the former had advanced from second to third on a balk. However, Hilliard started Cambridge on the road to victory by laying down a safe bunt. This was followed by a double and single which gave Cambridge the winning run.

"Lefty" Tobe, who was on the mound for Latin, pitched a fine game. Captain Hunt was out of the game because of an injured leg, and because of this the regular line-up was somewhat altered.

The score:

CAMBRIDGE

	ab	bh	po	a
Harlowe, c	5	3	8	0
M'F'en, 2 p	4	1	2	0
Hilliard s,	5	1	2	4
Davis, cf	3	0	3	0
Brackett, 1	4	1	8	1
Katz, 3	4	3	4	2
Gray, lf	4	0	3	0
Kerr, lf	0	0	0	0
White, r	5	3	0	0
Brown'g p	3	0	0	2
Totals	37	12	30	9

BOSTON

	ab	bh	po	a
Dolan, lf	4	0	2	1

Latin School Register

Hall, lf.....	1	0	0	1	four chances in the field without error.
Tracey, r.....	4	0	2	0	"Joe" Dolan, who played most of the
Moore, 1.....	5	1	11	0	game at second base, played a fine
Vogel, cf.....	5	0	2	0	game, and will probably be holding a
Talbot, c.....	5	0	5	1	regular position before the season is
M'Each'n, s.....	5	2	2	5	over.
Taylor, 2.....	5	2	3	7	The other players who looked good
Campana, 3.....	4	1	2	0	at bat and in the field were Talbot,
Flynn, 3.....	1	0	0	0	Moore, McEachern, and Hall, all of
Tobe, p.....	3	1	0	4	whom obtained two bingles.

The score:

Totals..... 42 7*29 19

BOSTON LATIN

Innings..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 Cambridge... 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 2—5
 Boston..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 1—4

Runs—Katz 2, Harlowe, Hilliard, Davis, McEachern 2, Hall Campana. Errors—Hilliard 3, Brackett. Two-base hits MacFagen, Brackett, Katz. Three-base hit—McEachern. Home run—Harlowe. Stolen bases—McEachern. Campana, Flynn. Sacrifice hits—Davis, Gray. First base on balls—Off Browning 3, off MacFagen 1, off Tobe 4. Struck out—By Browning 2, by MacGagen 4, by Tobe. Winning pitcher—MacFagen. Umpire—Mooney, Time—2h. 25m.

*Two out when winning run was scored.

* * *

THE HUNTINGTON GAME

On April 14, Latin defeated Huntington in a free-hitting game by the score of 11 to 8. Latin showed itself the better team throughout the game, having no difficulty in connecting with the offerings of the opposing pitcher, and playing errorless ball in the field.

Flynn was on the mound for Latin, and although he was hit quite freely, proved himself effective in the pinches, and kept the Huntington hits well scattered.

Captain Arthur Hunt was the star of the game for Latin, and was the only Latin player to hit safely three times. One of these hits, a triple, which came with two men on, accounted for two of Latin's runs. "Red" also accepted

	ab	bh	po	a
M'Eacherns, s.....	4	2	2	1
Lawler, s.....	0	0	0	0
Campana, s.....	0	0	0	0
E. Tracy, r.....	4	1	0	0
Burleigh, r.....	0	0	1	0
Dolan, 2.....	2	0	3	1
Kurtzer, 2.....	1	0	1	0
Hunt, 3.....	6	3	1	3
Talbot, lf.....	3	2	0	1
Calla'han, lf.....	1	1	0	0
J. Tracy, lf.....	0	0	0	0
Hall, cf.....	4	2	0	0
Adler, cf.....	0	0	0	0
Moore, 2, 1.....	5	2	3	1
Vogel, 1.....	3	0	9	0
Tobe, cf.....	1	0	0	0
Connerton, c.....	1	0	2	2
Weddleton, c.....	2	2	5	0
Flynn, p.....	4	1	0	6
Totals.....	41	16	27	15

HUNTINGTON

	ab	bh	po	a
Ricker, s.....	5	3	0	2
Mitchell, c.....	6	1	12	1
Blake, cf.....	5	3	2	0
Berry, 1.....	4	2	8	1
Jennings, r.....	3	1	0	0
Ralph, 3.....	5	2	1	0
Murphy, lf.....	5	2	1	0
Connors, 2.....	3	1	3	1
Haggarty, 2.....	1	1	0	0
Milliard, p.....	3	1	0	4
*Ford.....	1	0	0	0

Totals..... 41 17 27 9
 *Batted for Milliard in ninth
 Innings..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 Boston L..... 0 1 3 1 1 4 0 0 —11
 Huntington... 0 2 1 0 0 0 0 2 3—8
 Runs, McEachern, E. Tracey 2, Hunt 2, Talbot, 2, Waddleton 2, Flynn 2, Ricker, Blake 2, Murphy, Connors, Milliard, Mitchell, Haggarty. Two-base bit, McEachern. Three-base hit, Hunt, Ricker, Blake. Base on balls, by Flynn 6, by Milliard 8. Struck out, by Flynn 5, by Milliard 11, Double plays, Ricker, Connors and Berry. Passed balls, Mitchell 2. Wild pitch, Milliard. Time, 2h 10. Umpire L. Collins.

* * *

THE GROTON GAME

On Wednesday April 11, the team played its second game of the season against the Groton School team at Groton. The game which lasted only seven innings when it was halted because of the cold weather resulted in a 3 to 1 victory for the private school team.

Latin played a good game in the field but was unable to touch the pitching of Devens, the Groton twirler, who allowed only one hit and struck out fourteen, an average of two an inning. "Bus" Flynn was on the mound for Latin, and pitched good ball except for one inning when he was touched for a triple and two singles, which resulted in Groton's scoring. The Latin infield played errorless ball, and despite the absence of Vogel, the regular first-baseman, looked like an excellent combination. Captain Hunt at third base played a fine game, making several excellent catches. McEachern and Talbot looked good around second base, and "Jerry" Moore played well at first.

The only exciting frame for Latin was the last one, when a rally was staged which nearly won the game. The first batter in this inning was "Red" Hunt, who was passed. He was followed by Talbot who also walked, and when

Hall, the next batter, grounded to the Groton School third baseman, the latter fumbled the ball and the bases were full, with no outs. Moore was the batter, and he caught Devens' first offering right on the nose for a hard line drive to center field. Hunt scored, but Talbot was thrown out at the plate, leaving Hall on third and Moore on second with one out. Tobe, the next batter was hit by a pitched ball and the bases were loaded again. However, Devens proved his effectiveness by fanning the next two batters, and the game was over with Groton in the lead 3 to 1.

The Summary
 GROTON

	ab	bh	po	a
Leonard, s.....	3	0	0	0
Hill, lf.....	3	0	0	0
Devens, p.....	2	1	1	0
Fincke, c.....	3	0	15	0
Crocker, cf.....	2	1	0	1
Kellogg, r.....	3	1	2	0
F'rburn, 3.....	3	1	0	0
Boyer, 1.....	2	0	3	0
Barnes, 2.....	2	0	0	3
Totals.....	23	4	21	4

LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a
M'E'ern, s.....	2	0	1	2
Tracey, r.....	3	0	0	0
Hunt, 3.....	2	0	3	1
Talbot, 2.....	2	0	1	2
Hall, cf.....	3	0	1	0
Moore, 1.....	3	1	10	0
Tobe, lf.....	2	0	2	0
C'nerton, c.....	2	0	0	0
Flynn, p.....	3	0	0	2
Totals.....	22	1	18	7

Innings.... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Groton..... 0 0 0 0 2 1 —3

Latin..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1

Runs—Crocker, Kellogg, Devens, Hunt. Errors—Fairburn, Leonard, Con-

nerton 2. Three-base hit—Kellogg. First base on balls—Off Devens 3, off Flynn 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Devens (Tobe). by Flynn (Devens). Struck out—By Devens 14. Umpire—Stewart. Time—1h. 30m.

* * *

TRACK NOTES

There is a marathon runner in our unsuspecting midst. He is Sidney Friedman of Class three. We have been accustomed, those of us who attended the track meets, to see this lad well up among the winners in the intermediate 220-yard run indoors. We little suspected his hidden powers. On April 19 he finished in the B. A. A. Marathon race accomplishing the difficult task of running 26 miles continuously. His was indeed a notable performance in the light of his tender years and the difficulty of the task.

* * *

We hear great reports of Frank O'Brien '26. He is a freshman at Yale. He was captain of the freshman cross-country team, and missed by one vote the captaincy of the freshman track team. He placed fourth in the intercollegiate freshman cross-country race, and is one of the leading milers of the college, having recently run that distance in 4.39.

* * *

Dick Hegarty ran anchor on the Holy Cross freshman relay during this indoor season.

* * *

"Bob Sullivan was a prominent member of the B. C. freshman relay indoors. He is, if such is possible, better than ever.

* * *

Ralph Boches was a member of the Harvard freshman relay team this year.

* * *

Frank Cummings was one of the Harvard varsity relay team indoors

this year. He is now one of the fastest "440" men at Cambridge.

* * *

It may be seen that former relay stars have not been content to rest on their laurels.

* * *

Latin's three-man track in the Harvard Interscholastics found the competition a trifle hard.

* * *

There has been some increase in the number of candidates for the outdoor track team. We can now boast of fifteen runners. There is a crying need for hurdlers and field event men.

* * *

Joseph, who was training for the half-mile, has suffered a fallen arch, and will be unable to compete outdoors.

* * *

The Outdoor City Track Meet has been cancelled by the authorities. This means that there is but one official meet for the Boston City schools.

* * *

The team needs more juniors, intermediates and seniors. Beyond these divisions, in the region of the fourth dimension as it were, we have no need of reinforcements. —D. M. S. '29

* * *

LATIN 10—BROOKLINE 9

On a frigid day this spring, the sixteenth of April to be exact, the baseball team of the Boston Latin School met and defeated Brookline High School

At the end of the ninth inning there was great deliberation as to the victor. Because of an error on the part of the score-keeper, the adherents of Brookline High were led to believe that they had won. The misunderstanding, however, was cleared; all is now well.

Latin scored twice in the first, and it appeared as if we would have a field day. But Brookline came to bat and made three runs, assuming the lead. There was no score in the second inning.

In the third, Latin scored thrice; but Brookline in their half of the inning, made six runs by means of two doubles, a triple, an error, and two passes.

There was no other score until the eighth inning. Here Latin ran wild. Hall was hit by a pitched ball, three men were passed, we got a couple of hits, and there were two errors before Brookline could stem the tide. We garnered five runs in this inning. And there was no score in the ninth.

Flynn on third base and Hunt on the mound appeared the outstanding figures for Latin. Weddleton played a steady game behind the bat. The fielding of Henry Lynch for the opposition was one good reason why the score was not higher for Latin. He was sure death to all flies.

The summary

BOSTON LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a
Talbot, 2.....	2	0	1	2
Tracey, lf.....	3	1	2	0
M'Echern, s.....	4	1	4	1
Flynn, 3.....	3	0	1	7
Hall, cf.....	4	1	0	0
Moore, 1.....	5	2	15	1
Tobe, r.....	3	1	0	0
Wed'ton, c.....	3	0	2	1
Hunt, p.....	5	0	2	2
Totals.....	32	6	27	13

BROOKLINE HIGH

	ab	bh	po	a
Lynch, cf.....	5	1	4	0
L'itzky, 3.....	4	0	1	0
Str'han, lf.....	5	1	1	0
Nyhan, 2.....	5	1	2	2
Wilson, s.....	5	2	5	5
Larkin, r.....	3	0	1	0
Leb'witz, 1.....	4	2	9	1
Ryan, c.....	3	1	4	0
Noonan, p.....	0	0	0	0

O'Neil, p.....	1	1	0	0
Totals.....	35	9	27	8

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
B. Latin.....	2	0	3	0	0	0	0	5	0—10
Brookline.....	3	0	6	0	0	0	0	0	0—9

Runs—Tracey 3, Talbot 2, Flynn, Hall, Tobe, Wedleston, Hunt, Nyhan 2, Larkin, Lynch, Lewitsky, Stranahan, Wilson, Lebowitz, Ryan. Errors—Moore 2, McEachern, Ryan 3, Wilson, Lebowitz. Two-base hits—Tracey, Stranahan, Ryan, Lebowitz. Three-base hits—Lynch, Home run—Nyhan, Stolen bases—Tobe, Tracey, Flynn. Sacrifice hits—Noonan 3, Double plays—Wilson to Nyhan to Lebowitz, Lebowitz to Wilson to Lebowitz. First base on balls—Off Hunt 2, off Noonan 9, off O'Neil 1. Hit by pitched ball—by Hunt (Lewitsky). by Noonan (Hall). Struck out—By Hunt 2, by Noonan 2. by O'Neil 1. Wild pitches—Noonan 2. Umpire—Morey.

* * *

LATIN 7—MIDDLESEX 1

On Saturday, May 5, Latin easily defeated Middlesex by the score of 7 to 1. Latin showed itself the best team throughout, and aided by many errors by its opponents had an easy time winning.

Flynn pitched a good game for Latin striking out nine, and allowing only three hits. Paul McEachern and "Ernie" Vogel were the stars at bat for Latin, the former securing three singles out of five times up, and the latter driving out two long triples out of four times at bat. "Jerry" Moore has not gone hitless in a game yet, and he obtained a bingle in this game, although the box score does not give it to him. Campana played a good game at third, and also secured a nice single.

Because of injuries, Captain "Red" Hunt was again forced to remain on the side lines during most of the game.



Famous last words: "*Are you a normal boy?*"

* * *

1st Boy: "Caesar must have been a strong man."

2nd Boy: "Why?"

1st Boy: "It says that one day he pitched his camp across the river."

* * *

Always at a loss about something, our present worry is over what oysters find to keep themselves occupied during months in which there is no "R."

* * *

"What are you turning around for, John?"

"I've just discovered we've come five hundred and ten miles since morning; we'll have to run back to the five-hundred-mile mark and change the oil."

* * *

Police Item: "You cannot park your car and have it."

* * *

Teacher: "What excuse have you for being so late?"

Johnny (*breathlessly*): "I ran so fast, teacher, that I—I didn't have time to think up one,—"

Pupils in Chicago schools raise both hands when the teacher suddenly asks a question.

* * *

Strange that the rising generation is never up till noon.

* * *

Ikey was very slow in learning to subtract and the teacher was having a trying time with him.

"Now, see here, Ikey," said she, patiently, "if Ikey had eight pennies and he lost three, how many pennies would Ikey have left?"

"Vell," was the quick reply, "for vy should Ikey lose three pennies?"

* * *

"I say, old dear, what's good for biting finger-nails?"

"Sharp teeth, silly."

* * *

Darwinian Child (*observing Zoo monkeys*): "Pop, do they let them out after they turn into people?"

* * *

First Movie Fan: "What did that subtitle say?"

Second Movie Fan: "I don't know, I didn't hear."

"The moving pictures are very helpful."

"Yes, sir. I once took a trip around the world that way."

* * *

"There must be a catch somewhere," said the man as he tried to fasten his wife's dress.

* * *

Corrective Old Gentleman: "My little man, you must not say, 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going, he is not going, they are not going.'"

Little Johnny: "Ain't nobody goin'?"

* * *

"I say, Si, what's in the bag?"

"Punkins."

"Haow many?"

"Ef ye kin guess, I'll give ye both of 'em."

* * *

"How did the Smith wedding come off?"

"Fine until the preacher asked the bride if she'd obey her husband."

"What happened then?"

"She replied, 'Do you think I'm an ass?' and the groom who was in a sort of a daze, replied 'I do'."

* * *

Soul Yet Unborn: "How's the Life to come?"

Soul of the Departed: "The straight and narrow path's rather hard, but the detour is great."

* * *

Sophomore: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshman: "No; who teaches it?"

* * *

A seventh-grade history class, which had just finished studying Colonial life, was on examination. One of the questions was, "Discuss city life in Colonial times." One boy wrote: "There were not many cities, and what there were, were out in the country."

Some thrill to the flash of the tennis ball

As it speeds from the racquet's face;
And some to the sight of its arching flight

As the gutty soars through space.

Some thrill to the bound of a noble steed
Surmounting a four-foot wall;

Or the pistol crack of the mallet's whack
On the face of a polo ball.

But give me the pull of a straining sheet!
A leaning mast and a high one!

Keep what you've got! Give *me* a yacht.

(For I can't afford to buy one.)

* * *

Ambulance Surgeon: "What brought on the fit?"

Neighbor: "The poor fellow's new car had just been delivered, and when he came out he saw a butterfly tramping over the paintwork."

* * *

"They sell 'Ford Ideals' at the new Ford markets," writes Dudley Nichols.

"The books looked all alike, but one stack was marked \$.75 and the other \$1.

"What," I asked the clerk, "is the difference?"

"Naturally," he said as he passed out the dollar edition, "you get twenty-five cents worth more of ideals."

* * *

A correspondent notes that a man in Chicago ran over a girl while driving to a hall where he was to give a lecture on "Public Safety," and suggests that he begin his address to the Judge with: "Unaccustomed as I am to public speeding—"

New York Evening Post.

* * *

"Officer, I left my car here a few minutes ago and now it's gone."

"It must have been stolen, then."

"No, it couldn't be that. It was insured against theft."

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

□ □ □ Contents □ □ □

	<i>Page</i>
Village Graveyard	3
The Old Way	4
Chivalry Today	6
The Ladies	7
Memories	8
Editorials	12
Conceit	15
Book Reviews	18
Dave Rand's Pluck	21
Alumni Notes	22
Canvas and Sawdust	23
The Forbidden Fruit	26
School Notes	28
Of a First Class Man	29
Sports	31

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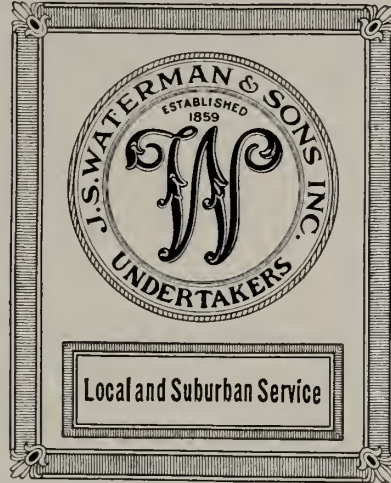
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